

The Historie

Thou hast redeemed thy lost opinion,
And shewde thou makst some tender of my life,
In this faire rescue thou hast brought to me.

Prin. O God they did me too much iniury,
That cuer said I harkned for your death,
If it were so, I might haue let alone
The insulting hand of Douglas ouer you,
Which would haue been as speedy in your end
As al the poisonous potions in the world,
And sau'd the trecherous labour of your sonne.

King. Make vp to Clifton, ile to S. Nicholas Gawsey. *Exit Ki.*

Enter Hotspur.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

Prin. Thou speakst as if I would deny my name.

Hot. My name is Harry Percy.

Pr. Why then I see a very valiant rebel of the name;
I am the Prince of Wales, and thinke not Percy
To share with me in glory any more:

Two stars keepe not their motion in one sphere,
Nor can one England brooke a double raigne
Of Harry Percy and the Prince of Wales.

Hot. Now shal it Harry, for the houre is come
To end the one of vs, and would to God
Thy name in armes were now as great as mine.

Prin. Ile make it greater ere I part from thee,
And al the budding honors on thy crest
Ile crop to make a garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brooke thy vanities.

They fight: Enter Falstaf.

Falst. Well said Hall, to it Hall. Nay you shall find no boyes
play here I can tel you.

*Enter Douglas, he fighteth with Falstaf, he fals
down as if he were dead, the Prince
killeth Percy.*

Hot. Oh Harry thou hast robd me of my youth,
I better brooke the losse of brittle life
Then those proud titles thou hast won of me,

They

of Henrie the fourth.

They wound my thoughts worse then thy sword my flesh,
But thoughts the slaues of life, and life times foole,
And time that takes suruey of all the world
Must haue a stop. O I could prophecy,
But that the earthy and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue: no Percy thou art dust
And food for.

Pr. For wonnes, braue Percy. Fare thee wel great hart
Ill weaud ambition, how much art thou shrunk,
When that this body did containe a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound,
But now two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough, this earth that beares the dead
Beares not aliue so stout a gentleman,
If thou wert sensible of curtelie
I should not make so deare a shew of zeale,
But let my fauors hide thy mangled face,
And euen in thy behalfe ile thanke my selfe,
For doing these faire rights of tenderesse,
Adiew and take thy praise with thee to heauen,
Thy ignominy sleepe with thee in the graue,
But not remembred in thy Epitaph.

He spieth Falstaf on the ground.

What old acquaintance, could not all this flesh
Keepe in a little life? poore Iacke farewell,
I could haue better sparde a better man:
O I should haue a heauy misse of thee,
If I were much in loue with vanitie:
Death hath not strooke so far a Deere to day,
Though many dearer in this bloody fray,
Inboweld will I see thee by and by,
Til then in blood by noble Percy lie. *Exit.*

Falstaf riseth vp.

Fal. Inboweld, if thou inbowel me to day, ile giue you leaue
to powder me and eate me too to morrowe. Zbloud twas time
to counterfet, or that hot termagant Scot had paide me scot and
lot too. Counterfet? Ile, I am no counterfet, to die is to bee a
counterfet, for he is but the counterfet of a man, who hath not
the

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